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HALLO, REBEL, WHO FOUND YOUR LITTLE SON, EHY?

EL MONDO ROGERS, HE FOUND MY WIFE AND SAVED THEM FROM A CULEBRA, NERON HYOS.

WELCOME TO SHAUL CANYON, MONDO. BUT ONLY UNTIL DUSK. ALL THESE INDIAN FRIENDS OF MINE HAVE A STRANGE SUPERSTITION-- THEY BAD LUCK BEFALLS ANY WHITE MAN WHO REMAINS HERE AFTER DARK.



HOW ABOUT YOURSELF AND YOUR WIFE? WERE YOU SEEM TO BE HEALTHY RESIDENTS.

OH, QUITE. MY WIFE AND I HAVE BEEN HERE SO LONG THAT THE SALLY AND FREEDOM TAKES US FOR NATIVES.



WELL, CHRISTED, ROGERS, DON'T SHOW YOU LOOK AS THE SAME OLD JOHNNIE'S SON.

MONDO, PLEASE! YOU WILL MONDO BE IT COMING TO MY FROM HOME MY CANYON NOW?

EL MONDO IS HIS

OH, MONDO, YOU SPEAK MY COUNTRY, MONDO. NOW WE SHALL HAVE MUCH TO SAY TO ONE ANOTHER. SHANT WE?



SHANT WE?





"ONE DAY, ABOUT
FIFTEEN YEARS
AGO, BRILL HYDE
AND HIS BIG
BROTHER, VANCE,
HITCHED A CAMEL TO
DRY FOLKS WITH
A WELL-DIGGING
MACHINE. THEY
PULLED UP IN
FRONT OF THE
POST OFFICE
CROWD.



"EITHERS GOT DOWN WITH
SOME BROTHERS THAT TOLD
ABOUT THE WELL-DIGGING MACHINE."



"WELL, HAW! THIS GUY
SAYS HE CAN FIND WATER
ANYWHERE! — FOR
A PRICE! AND HE WANTS
HALF OF IT IN ADVANCE."
HAW, HAW!

WHENEVER
FOUND WATER
IN ANY CASH
WAS GOING
THE TOWN.





LOOK HERE, YOU
CHAPS! THERE'S NO
SPOON ABOUT THE
SPRINGS. IF
ADNEY TO FIND
WATER, AND
FILL— I'LL
RETURN A
MANY MONEY.



OKAY, DEEY? IF
YOUR LITTLE LOMO-
SHEP CAN FIND
WATER IN SMALL
CANYON, WE'LL
WILL BELIEVE YOU
CAN FIND IT IN
SMALL VALLEY—OR
IN DRY SLECHP
HAY, HAY



YOU BELIEVE I'LL
TAKE YOU UP ON
THAT? AND I'LL HAVE
THE BEST OF YOU
STAYS SLOWLY
BEHIND ME TO SELL
YOU MY WATER.



HEY—
MIND YOUR MANNERS
WHEN YOU SPEAK
TO THE MASTER—



—PUPP?



TO SMALL
CANYON
WATCHES?

VERY GOOD,
SAY



I'LL KILL THAT
HORSE! NO
FURNACE CAN
TOST ME AROUND—

HE OOL, DEEY—
AND YOU'RE NOT
KILLING ANYBODY!
YOU ASKED FOR
WHAT YOU GOT

"AND THE LAST THAT THE MEN OF
DRY GULCH SAW OF BARK HORN FOR
TWO MONTHS WAS THE DUST OF
HIS WAGON WHEELS."

LATER, A RANCH WENT
ABOUND—THAT A NEW STREAM
OF SWEET WATER WAS FLOWING
OUT OF SNAKE CANYON INTO
THE DESERT BEYOND.

A BUNCH OF RANCHERS AND COWBOYS
RODE OUT
TO SEE.



"WHEN THEY SAW A VIEW OF
THE NEW LITTLE SPRING, THEY
COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS REAL."

RANCHO SNAKE CANYON THEY FOUND A
WOMAN TENDING A NEW GARDEN.



"IT RISES
INSIDE LIKE
WATER—
AND IT AIN'T
SALT-FLAT."
SHE SAID.

"IF MY HORSE DRINKS IT, I'LL
KNOW IT AIN'T
A MIRACLE."



"FURCH PLANTS—
AS GOOD AS
TOMATO, BEANS,
AND A
MIRACLE—
BOY!"



"SAYIN'—A GARDEN
AN IRRIGATION
DITCH? THAT'S
MIRACLE NUMBER
TWO."



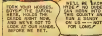


"YOU JOHNNIES GAVE ME A FLETH WELCOME. THESE TWO SPANNED CHILDREN OF THE LAND IMPROVED ME. SO THEY AGREE I SHALL DEAL WITH YOU FROM NOW ON."



"HERE IS MY DEED FROM THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO TO ALL THE LAND WITHIN BY MY WILL... YOU PEOPLE ARE OVERPASSING-- GET OFF."

"WHY YOU-- YOU--"



"FROM YOUR HORSES, SAYS, THE BARREL HERE, HOLDS THE DEEDS RIGHT NOW, AND WE'VE GOT TO LOOK AT OUR NAMES, BEFORE WE SET."

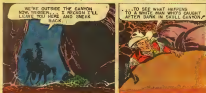
"WELL BE BACK HERE. NO ONE CAN HORN INTO THIS COUNTRY AND RUN A BUNNY ON US -- NOT FOR LONG."



"BUT INSTEAD OF THE CATTLEMAN, MORE INDIANS CAME TO BRILL CANYON TO FARM. SEVEN YEARS LATER EACH OF US A TITLE TO HIS LAND. WE AGREED TO GIVE SEVEN PER CENT NOTHING BUT ONE TENTH OF OUR PROFITS."



"ON CLAY TO PAY OUR DEATH WITH OUR LABOR. THE GREAT STONE SKULL BECAME A CASTLE, WITH ROOMS AND WORKSHOPS..."



"THE RANCHO" HYDE, IS NO MAN
TO BELIEVE IN SPOOKS...SO HIS
RAPPING JUST MEANT HE
C'DN'T WANT
ME HERE
AFTER DARK.



THERE'S THE SKULL CASTLE NEAR
JUST ACROSS THE CANYON... I AM TO
SEE EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON
TODAY--WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT.



WITHOUT WARNING--
THE THUD OF A BULLET--
THE DEATH-SCREAM OF A
STRONG MAN.

RISING ABOVE THE CANYON'S
CHASMS, A FULL MOON
THROWS THE NIGHT SKILL
INTO CLEAR RELIEF.



AND FROM THE
SHADOWS COME
THE FLOWING HOOP-
BEATS OF A
WALKING HORDE.



A SECOND BULLET GLANCES
WHIRLED OFF THE
BRICK BURN.



FOR LONG MOMENTS, THE
WIDE LIFE MOTIONLESS.



THEN, SLOWLY, HE
DROPS HIS RIFLE,
FROM ITS FOOT.



A FOOT AT A
TIME, HE WENDS
HIS WAY TOWARD
THE DEAD MAN
HOLDING THE
RIFLE.



THE SKULL, ITS
EYE SOCKETS
ARE LIGHTED.



SEARCHLIGHTS //



ONE OF THE BEANS
FOLDS STEADY ON THE
DEAD HORSE.



THEY MOVE SLOWLY
ALONG THE EDGE
OF THE CLIFF.



YOU SCORP AND
DON FOR - COME
BEHIND THESE
ROCK, GUNNER //





JUANITA? WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

NO MATTER HOW
DON, DON—GET
DOWN, QUICKLY!



SEE, DONKEY? /
THE SPILL, I'M
SEARCHING FOR
DE WEEH
ITS EYES

LET IT
BE EYES—WE'RE
GONE, THANKS
TO YOU
JUANITA



I'M DEPUTY UNITED
STATES MARSHAL. WHAT
COMING... WE ALL
SEEM TO BE IN
THE SAME TROUBLE.

I MET JUANITA AS I
WAS RIDING THROUGH
THE MOUNTAINS. AND
I MET THE BROTHER OF
DON. SAYING YOU
WERE THERE. THEY
SAID MADE ME
CAREFUL ENOUGH
TO COME BACK.



YOU WERE MOST FOOLISH,
DON, DON? BUT I HAD NOT
BEEN HERE. YOU WOULD
BE DEAD NOW—AND
LEAVE COMING, TOO?

IT LOOKS THAT TWO
MARSHALS? I'M NOT
BOASTING. BUT I
COMING WITH A BIG
BUNCH OF CURIOSITY

WELL—YOU WERE HERE.
JUANITA. SO WHY WE
CAN SEE YOU SOME
QUESTIONS.



YOU WILL GET NO ANSWERS
TODAY? SO NOW, PLEASE,
DEPART—BUTTER ALL THINGS
IN YOU ARE DISCOVERED. YOU
CAN JUMP OUT BY THESE
TRACK.



THE GIRL IS
RIGHT, DON.
OH, POWERS?

OH, BUT WE'LL
BE BACK SOMETIME.
JUANITA, TAKE CARE
OF YOURSELF?

HERE'S MY HORSE, MARSHAL. COMING - HE'S USED TO CARRYING YOUR GUN. HE'LL BE GLAD TO TALK YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO.

THANKS, REDDIE ...

HERE'S MY HORSE, MARSHAL. COMING - HE'S USED TO CARRYING YOUR GUN. HE'LL BE GLAD TO TALK YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO.

THANKS, REDDIE ...

... BUT IF YOU'VE GOT HAW PROOFING
BUSINESS, I CAN MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT
ABOUT IT. I WENT A HUNCH IT WAS MORE
THAN SOMEONE'S CURIOSITY THAT TOOK
YOU DOWN TO
SKILL CANYON.

CARRAN — YOU'RE
RIGHT.

... BUT IF YOU'VE GOT HAW PROOFING
BUSINESS, I CAN MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT
ABOUT IT. I WENT A HUNCH IT WAS MORE
THAN SOMEONE'S CURIOSITY THAT TOOK
YOU DOWN TO
SKILL CANYON.

CARRAN — YOU'RE
RIGHT.

POORLY, THIS LETTER JUNGLES WITH THE BUSINESS THAT BROUGHT ME TO OAT CREEK— THE ALLEGED MURDER OF THE POSTMASTER, FORDON, AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS DAUGHTER.

WHY?

POORLY, THIS LETTER JUNGLES WITH THE BUSINESS THAT BROUGHT ME TO OAT CREEK— THE ALLEGED MURDER OF THE POSTMASTER, FORDON, AND THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS DAUGHTER.

WHY?

YOUR SAYS AND
FOOTMASTER EDDON
WAS FOUND DEAD
WITH NO SIGN OF
VIOLENCE OR
FIGHTING ON THE
FLOOR OF THE
ROOF OFFICE. THE
DEED HAD BEEN
DONE IN AND
A NOTE IN
CATHERINE EDDON'S
HAND WAS POINTED
TO THE ROOF...

HEARD IT IS, IT SAYS, "BAGEL
 HYDE, DO MY FATHER'S BUSINESS?"
 NO ONE HAS SEEN THE GUY
 SINCE.

DOO DOO! /
 IT DOES LOOK
 BAD FOR HIM—
 —AND FOR
 POOR OLD MEL
 HARKER, TOO

HEARD IT IS, IT SAYS, "BAGEL
 HYDE, DO MY FATHER'S BUSINESS?"
 NO ONE HAS SEEN THE GUY
 SINCE.

DOO DOO! /
 IT DOES LOOK
 BAD FOR HIM—
 —AND FOR
 POOR OLD MEL
 HARKER, TOO



CLIMB UP
ROCKING ME,
MARSHALL—
WE'LL HEAD
FOR HARBOR
PLACE NOW





IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
A FORDON SAG—WHICH
WOULD EXPLAIN HOW
THAT OLD MAN AND
WOLFE HARRIS DIED
IN THEIR SLEEP
JUST A WHIFF OF IT
WAKE JOHNAN SAG!



OH WIFE—SORRY TO
WAKE YOU UP—BUT
WE'VE JUST FOUND MOLL
HARRIS AND HER WIFE
DEAD, PROBABLY
MURDERED.



MURDERED?
OH—AND
THEIR LITTLE
DOG—

HERE'S THE GORRONS HOUSE, FORDON
I THINK IT'S ABOUT MIDNIGHT



WE'VE
GOT TO
FIND A
LOOSE
FOR HIM
TO STAY

YOU'VE FOUND
IT? JAWOL,
DEAR, BRADLEY
WANTS TO
KNOW, DO
YOU
SOME HOT
CHOCOLATE—
AND THEN
TALK TO
HIS BOY

YOU'LL RIDE BACK
WITH ME NOW,
GENTLEMEN?

I'M AFRAID
WE CAN'T,
DO WIFE.



YOU BET,
MARTIAL
CORRIGEND
I HAVE A
LITTLE JOB
TO DO

THAT'S ALL
RIGHT—I'LL
SEE YOU
LATER, THEN,
FORDON.



OH, BY THE WAY, FORDON—HAVE YOU
EVER HEARD OF "EL ANGEL DE LA MUERTE?"



"THE DEATH ANGEL?"
YES—A COUPLE OF
MORONS WERE WHISPERING
ABOUT IT WHEN WE
WERE IN THE
BOSS'S
BOY ON THE POST
OFFICE FLOOR

WHAT WAS THAT
"LITTLE" FOR? YOU
TOLD DAVE WE
HAD TO GO NOW
TO LOOK A LITTLE
BROT-EYE

-- WHICH MIGHT LOSE US OUR
BEST CHANCE TO SURPRISE
THE CREW OF SKULL MESA!
THOUGHT, OF ALL THINGS, HE
WOULDN'T EXPECT US TO
DROP IN FOR A CALL AT HIS
MOONER CASTLE!

SO THIS IS WHAT YOU
HAD IN MIND WHEN YOU
POOKED ME THOSE EXTRA
ROCKS AT HENRI'S
PLACE, ROGERS?



I FIGURED
WE'D NEED ALL
YOUR NOTES...



TO CLIMB DOWN TO THE SKULL'S
EYE SOCKETS... LET OFF YOUR
BOOTS AND WAIT TILL I SIGNAL
THAT I'VE REACHED 'EM.
COMING.



WHAT'S THE
LATEST, BOOBY?

SKULL'S COMING
HERE!



SO FAR, SO
GOOD...
I'LL SIGNAL
YOURING NOW.





WHY? A SEARCHLIGHT
IS ENOUGH FOR
THE ARMY.

YES, AND
LOOK OVER
ON THE
OTHER SIDE.



WHAT WOULD
YOU CALL
THAT, MARSHALL?



WHY?—UH—IT'S A
RED SUN. ELECTRICALLY
OPERATED. I'D SAY...



SEE THESE LENSES.
COMING! MY GUESS IS
THAT THEY'RE HOOKED
UP WITH POWER—
ELECTRIC CELLS. THEY'RE
FOCUSED ON THE ROAD—
WOULDN'T YOU SAY
SOMEONE WAS SHOT.



WHY TO KEEP
THE MOTIVES SEARED
TO MARSHALL APPEARS
AT RIGHT—AND TO
KEEP STRANGERS
OUT. SO THAT EL
AMARILLO, LA MIENTE
CAN HAVE SMALL
COUNTRY AND THE
GENERAL REACH-
HOOD TO HIMSELF.



THERE'S A LIGHT—
BEHIND THE NEXT
DOOR.



A CHEMICAL LABORATORY—
AND THE BACK OF IT—



GOOD EVENING,
BARDON. WE
FORGET TO BRING
THE DOORBELL.



QUITE ALL RIGHT,
ROBERTS. IF—
WHO IS YOUR
FRIEND?







ILL BE BACK AGAIN IN AN HOUR OR TWO.
I HATE TO COME BE IMPATIENT... HEH, HEH, HEH!

TAKE YOUR
TIME, BARON.



HEY, BONE—
THANK, GOLF.



AND
HE LEFT
THE KEYS.

JANITA? WHERE—HOW
DID YOU
GET IN
HERE?



I FOUND A SECRET STAIRCASE
UP AROUND THE BUILDING—
THE LUY AFTER HYDE
HLED ME AS A
HOUSEHOLD... THERE?
NOW FOR THE OTHER
ARM.

BUT—BUT,
JANITA,
YOU'RE NOT
TALKING LIKE
A MEXICAN
INDIAN.



I'M NOT AN
INDIAN—I'M BAR
EGGON. I KNOW
THAT BURN, HYDE
HAD KILLED
FATHER—AND I
TOOK THE KEY
TO GET THE PROOF.



POPE AND ROSA MORA ARE
OLD FRIENDS. THEY PLANNED
THEIR LIVES TO INTRODUCE
ME AS JANITA.

YOU MUST HAVE BEEN
CAUSE OF HYDE'S SILENCE TO
TAKE THE NEW VOUCHER.
RAY EGGON.



I KNEW—BECAUSE
THE AFTERNOON
BEFORE FATHER
HAD CALLED ME.
HARKER CAME
IN WITH TWO
LETTERS. ONE
WAS TO HYDE
AND ONE WAS
TO THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY.



AND NOTHING
COLLECTED. HYDE'S
MIL LATER THAT
SAME DAY—BUT
THE DAY'S LETTER
HAD TO WAIT FOR
THE NEXT MORNING'S
MAIL. THAT'S
RIGHT?



WELL, I OVERHEARD
HER. TELL FATHER, IT'S
MY LAST HOME. WHEN
HYDE HEARS THAT THE
S.A. HAS BEEN
KILLED, HE MAY
LAP OFF.

GO ON,
KAY?

THAT MEANS—FATHER WENT DOWN—
KILLED. HE'D HEARD A NOISE IN THE
POST OFFICE. THAT'S WHERE I FOUND
HIM—DEAD. AND HE'LL
LETTER TO THE
S.A. WAS DONE.
SO I KNEW—

STEADY,
LITTLE GUY.
THE JOB'S NOT
DONE.

OH, JERRY? I
KNOW—HYDE WAS
GONE TO KILL OR
WARD AND LITTLE
CHINO? I HEARD
HIM—

WHAT'S
THIS—?

AN ELEVATOR—
TO THE TOP
OF THE BLDG.
WELL, COME
ON IN.

HYDE NEVER USES
STAIRS. I GUESS IT'S
BUILT FOR
HIM WITH
ARTIFICIAL
LEGS.

WE'RE
GOING UP
NOW.



THIS TRAP DOOR IS MADE TO
LOOK LIKE ROCK. THAT'S
WHY IT'S SO HEAVY.



YOUR
HORSES—
THEY'RE
FLEEING
NOW.

WELL, YOU DEAR WITH
MARSHAL CORNELL, SAY...
NO HORSE CAN KEEP
UP WITH MY FALCONING,
THAT'S FOR SURE.



GOODBONE IS BUTCHING—HOLD RIGHT
BEHIND ME! DON'T YOU LEAVE ME
BEHIND ALONE!



WHO
IS
MARTIN?

BUTCHING
DEAD ON
HIS OWN
KID
AND BOY'S
DEAD, TOO!



POY
RIDERS!
WHAT?

SLEEP OUT, MAN!
THE HOUSE IS
FULL OF
SLEEPING GAS!



ARE
YOU
GONE
DEAD,
TOO,
POY?

POY! THEY'RE
GONE ASLEEP!
SO I KNOW
WOULD HAVE
FINISHED
THEM ALL
IN ANOTHER
FEW MINUTES!



WELL, POYS, IT'S GETTING
DARK. I
NEED A BEDDIE
AND I WILL BE
MORRYME
ALONG.

PERHAPS YOU'LL BE
COMING BACK SOME-
TIME TO SEE ME AND
BRANT COMING
HE PLANS TO
LIVE HERE.



I'LL BE BACK SOMETIME,
AMIGO, SO LONG—

HASNA
LOVEA, DON
WAVE



GREAT LAWMEN OF THE OLD WEST

LT. LEE HALL



"No! No! You can't see him!" the doctor's wife pleaded frantically. "Dr. Brozell is sick—dying. You'll be the end of him if you go in—"

"That's what we aim to be—and to do," an armed intruder growled.

They pushed Mrs. Brozell aside, these big men, with bandanas masking their features. They pulled the Doctor, too ill to resist, out of his bed and out of his house. They took his three boys, too.

Hall-crazed with grief and fear, the wife and mother tried to stop them.

"What has my husband ever done to you but good?" she cried. "He never took sides in this wicked Taylor-Sutton feud. He dressed your wounds and tended your sick, men and women. He brought your babies into the world. And you're going to murder him. And my children, too! But you can't do it! You won't dare face God's judgment with their blood on your souls!"

"You're wastin' breath, ma'am," one of the raiders said hoarsely. "We don't dare do anything else. Doc knows too much about us!"

One of the younger boys sobbed as the night-black woods swallowed the

party. For some moments there was no other sound than the crackle of dead twigs underfoot. Then yells and gunshots ripped through the darkness.

In the morning, horrified neighbors picked up the bodies of Dr. Philip Brozell and his eldest son. The others had gotten away.

It was the climax to more than thirty murders within the past seven years, caused by the deadly Taylor-Sutton feud. DeWitt County, Texas, was a battleground, where groups of armed riders numbering as many as 75 rode and raided. More than two dozen murder indictments were on record—with local lawmen powerless to enforce them!

But the slaying of Dr. Brozell and his son was more than even wild and woolly Texas of that day could tolerate. Judge Pleasants, a fearless and honorable magistrate, called on the Government for a company of Rangers. And the Rangers arrived, under command of Lieutenant Lee Hall.

Hall and Judge Pleasants went into conference at once. When they had gathered sufficient evidence, they presented it to a grand jury. The jury



found indictments naming seven men involved in the murder of the Sutters.

Lieutenant Lee Hall learned that one of the indicted men, Deputy Sheriff Satterlee, was to be married, following an all night dance at the bride's home. A hundred or more men and women, of the Sutton party would be there, including all the accused.

Hall could not match the number of fighting men who would be at that dance. But after all, Texas Rangers never counted much in numbers. The lieutenant thought twenty-five would be a posse large enough to handle any trouble. For more heavily, he counted on his own persuasive powers to prevent a gun fight.

Reaching the ranch house at night, Hall's posse threw a light ring of weapons around it. Then the lieutenant stepped up on the porch.

"What's there?" a man asked curtly, from the shadows.

"The Rangers," replied Hall, equally curt. "Who are you?"

"You're talking to the marshal of Cuern, Ranger. The name is Meador. What's your business, and why in thunder did you pick a wedding night to show up?"

The lieutenant told him, adding that two dozen men with guns had pinged the place.

"I'm arresting you, Meador, and half a dozen more," he said—and entered the house.

An angry hullabaloo broke out from the folk guests when Hall stated his errand. Some went for their weapons—only to remember that gunplay would hit women and children, too.

"Take them out of here," the lieutenant shouted. "Then we'll shoot it out. Get ready, boys!" he added to his men outside.

Marshal Meador, frightened now, tried to stall. The lieutenant turned on him. Sharp as the crack of a whip were his words: "Hand me your gun!"

Meador was already half-licked. He obeyed, almost humbly. A few moments later, the Rangers had collected all of the lethal hardware in the house. And their prisoners!

But now came an interruption. The bride herself begged a favor of the law. Out of respect to her wedding night, would the lieutenant let the party continue, under guard?

There spoke the gallant spirit of Texas women, in the face of tragedy. No tears! "Let the dance go on!" And in the same tradition of chivalry, the Texas Ranger nodded agreement to her request.

In the morning he took his bridegroom, Joe Satterlee, and the six other wanted men away to face trial.

Judge Pleasants, at the risk of his life, dined bail to the accused. In a courtroom jammed to its doors with fighting men of both Sutton and Taylor parties, he took sole responsibility for calling the Rangers in.

Lieutenant Hall and his men were there to protect him only a few hours. When they had gone with their prisoners to Galveston, most people expected the judge to be murdered. But none of the threats made against him came to anything.

The Rangers had enforced the law. The back of the Taylor-Sutton feud was broken.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



"OOPS, CHARLEY!
A TARDY ONE!"

"YEAH, IT'S A HORRIBLE
BEASTLY MOUNTAIN!"



"THINK THEY'LL GET THE MOUNTAIN &
LEAVE BEHIND THE DEVILS! THEY'LL
BE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN
GET IT!"



"CHARLEY, TELL ME A STORY
ABOUT THE MOUNTAIN!"

"WELL, IT'S A HORRIBLE
BEASTLY MOUNTAIN!
IT'S A HORRIBLE
BEASTLY MOUNTAIN!"

"THEY BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN & THE DEVIL
WILL GET IT! THEY'LL GET IT! THEY
WILL BE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN
GET IT!"



"THANK YOU, CHARLEY, BUT
I'M NOT GOING TO THE MOUNTAIN!
I'M NOT GOING TO THE MOUNTAIN!
I'M NOT GOING TO THE MOUNTAIN!"



"THANK YOU, CHARLEY, BUT I'M NOT GOING
TO THE MOUNTAIN! I'M NOT GOING
TO THE MOUNTAIN! I'M NOT GOING
TO THE MOUNTAIN!"

"THE BARKER IS TOO YOUNG TO BE SCARED BY TOMMY FRANKIE."



"NO TOMMY FRANKIE AT ALL THE BARKER IS TOO YOUNG TO BE SCARED BY TOMMY FRANKIE."



"TOMMY FRANKIE IS TOO YOUNG TO BE SCARED BY TOMMY FRANKIE."



"THE BARKER IS TOO YOUNG TO BE SCARED BY TOMMY FRANKIE."



"TOMMY FRANKIE IS TOO YOUNG TO BE SCARED BY TOMMY FRANKIE."



"TOMMY FRANKIE IS TOO YOUNG TO BE SCARED BY TOMMY FRANKIE."



"TOMMY FRANKIE IS TOO YOUNG TO BE SCARED BY TOMMY FRANKIE."



THEY GOT LOST IN THE WOODS AND THOUGHT
THEY WERE LOST FOR GOOD UNTIL ALL
AT ONCE



EVERY ONE WAS SO GLAD IT WAS OVER THAT
EVERY ONE WAS SO GLAD IT WAS OVER THAT
EVERY ONE WAS SO GLAD IT WAS OVER THAT



AND EVERY ONE WAS SO GLAD IT WAS OVER THAT
EVERY ONE WAS SO GLAD IT WAS OVER THAT
EVERY ONE WAS SO GLAD IT WAS OVER THAT



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THEY WERE LOST FOR GOOD UNTIL ALL
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These studies are worth reading to get the
feel of the language and the style of the
writing. The book is a good one to read
for the first time.

[illegible]

***BLACK-OUT LETTERS ARE IN THE CODE AREA OF THE
MESSAGE. THEY ARE NOT PART OF THE MESSAGE.**



THE DOG WHO WAS
THE FIRST TO
RUN ON THE
HILL. THE DOG
WHO WAS THE
FIRST TO RUN
ON THE HILL.



THE FOLLOWS THE LEADER OFF LAST BUTTAL.



2. AND THE POINT THAT FOLLOWED WAS TOO
FAST FOR ANY MATHS TO BE DONE
EVEN BY A SUPER-FAST CALCULATOR.



WITH WHITE HAND THE LIGHTER, AND
BLACK HAND THE DARKER, THE TWO
WOLVES, ONE LIGHT, ONE DARK, WERE
BORN. THE LIGHT WOLF WAS CALLED
THE WHITE WOLF, AND THE DARK WOLF
WAS CALLED THE BLACK WOLF.



THESE RESULTS ARE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE FINDINGS OF OTHER STUDIES THAT HAVE SHOWN THAT THE USE OF A SINGLE-STEP PROCESS CAN BE EFFECTIVE IN REDUCING THE RISK OF INFECTION IN PATIENTS WITH OPEN WOUNDS.



THROUGH BLACKY THE HORN COWBOY HAD THOSE
 SLACKS ON TIGHTLY BUT THE HORN COWBOY
 HAD A PONY HORSE THAT WASN'T



AND THE HORN COWBOY HAD THOSE
 SLACKS ON TIGHTLY BUT THE HORN COWBOY
 HAD A PONY HORSE THAT WASN'T



IT WAS THE NIGHT THAT BLACKY GOT THE
 COWBOY AND THE COWBOY WASN'T
 ANYMORE



AND THE HORN COWBOY HAD THOSE
 SLACKS ON TIGHTLY BUT THE HORN COWBOY
 HAD A PONY HORSE THAT WASN'T



THE HORN COWBOY HAD THOSE
 SLACKS ON TIGHTLY BUT THE HORN COWBOY
 HAD A PONY HORSE THAT WASN'T



THE HORN COWBOY HAD THOSE
 SLACKS ON TIGHTLY BUT THE HORN COWBOY
 HAD A PONY HORSE THAT WASN'T



THE HORN COWBOY HAD THOSE
 SLACKS ON TIGHTLY BUT THE HORN COWBOY
 HAD A PONY HORSE THAT WASN'T

